



eeker: As a child, Sundays have been something very special to me.
Now, since a few days, I wake up every morning and go out, see the sun shining through the trees, hear the birds singing and get this feeling, 'Aah, another Sunday'. I put on my best clothes and have Sunday for the whole day. What is happening

Osho: Every day is a Sunday. It should be so. Every day is a holiday. It should be so. Because all days belong to godliness. Each moment is holy. Once you understand it, you will stop asking questions like this.

Don't think that any particular day is needed for you to be happy — only a particular mind. It has nothing to do with time: everything depends on the attitude, how you look at life. There are people for whom even a Sunday is not a Sunday. There is no light, no sun rising — even on a Sunday. They are clouded in their own darkness, shrouded in their own misery. They carry their bell around them. Even if you force them into heaven, they will go on carrying their hell. Nobody can force them out of their hell unless they decide to drop it. It is your decision to be happy or to be unhappy.

I have heard about a Suff mystic who was always happy. Nobody had ever seen him unhappy. It was as if the only way he knew how to be was happy. He became very old and one day a man asked him, "Will you please tell me your secret? How you remain so happy? How each moment you can be so blissful? It is impossible It is unbelievable. What is your secret?"

The old man laughed and said, "Long ago, I found one simple thing; that each morning, when I opened my eyes, there were two alternatives to choose for that day — either to be happy or to be unhappy. And I always chose to be happy. Simple is my secret: each day gives me only two alternatives to choose — to be happy or to be unhappy. And I always choose to be happy, that's all. There is nothing more to it."

Before you open your eyes, have a clear-cut vision of two alternatives: being in hell or in heaven. Visualise misery on one hand, visualise blissfulness on another hand. See deeply into

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both. Look into both as deeply as possible and wait — then decide. Be committed to your decision and don't try to escape from it. If you de-

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eide to be happy, then stick to it and soon you will realise that your life is your decision.

Holidays are disappearing from the world. In the legal sense, people have more holidays. Workdays are being reduced all over the world, from six to five, from five to four, and soon even that will not be so — in the very highly developed technological societies, one day of the week will do and for six days, people can have holidays. But 'holiday' is disappear-

ing — that quality of sacredness, that quality of holiness is disappearing.

People have more leisure — that is another thing. But what do they do with their leisure? They create more misery for themselves or for others. Finding nothing to do, they do harm to themselves or to others. More accidents happen on the holidays — more car accidents, more murders, more suicides. And

after the holiday, people are so tired that they need a whole week's rest to recuperate, to recover. They do a thousand and one things on holidays just to keep busy, because not to be busy is to be with oneself and that has become almost impossible.

Many people go on working and one day they die...because their work is not creative. When is work creative? Work is creative when you love it, work is creative when you feel in tune with it, work is creative when you enjoy it, when it fits with your being and

there is a great harmony between you and your work.

Once that happens, whatsoever you do is creative. And when after each creative moment you can relax, that relaxation is earned. Only if you are creative, can you have holidays, not otherwise. I am not saying be creative in the eyes of others — that is irrelevant. Just be creative in your own

eyes, whatsoever you do. If you love it then do it, otherwise don't do it choose some other way.

Time as holy opportunity — that is the meaning of holiday — a holy day, a day which is not profane, a day which is not ordinary.

And once you know how to be creative, each moment becomes holy.

Dang Dang Doko Dang, courtesy:

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